

MAY DAY!

Deer reedurs, this is abowt Mayday. Not the Mayday yoo mite think tho. Bruthur Bobblur sed that Mayday woz a grate day for oll the opressd burds of the wurd. He said it woz a day wen oll the opressd shoold rize up und show ther teeth und oll the nasty yoomans of the wurd wood shivr in ther shoos und run away. Wel, Bruthur Bobblur sed that but his Mayday woz not kwite so good. In fact, as I shal now tel yoo, it woz a bad Mayday for him und not much bettr for the opressd burds of the wurd.

It woz only last week that Goosy Loosy from Missis Mkween's farm came to see uz in the Turkey Republik. The Republik is wot we hav now colld Mistr Jonston's farm; Sistor Mibbly is very clevr und she found this wurd meenz the place ownd by turkys. So Goosy Loosy cums flying in und landz in our yard.

“Revolyushunary greetings, Sistor Loosy!” sez Bruthur Bobblur, oll diplomatik und oyly, stepping owt of the barn. Goosy Loosy sed she wontz to invyt Bruthur Bobblur to giv a Mayday speetch to the goosez at Missis Mkween's farm. Missis Mkween is a welnone tirunt und

wil be casted down. Of corse Bruthur Bobblur woz pleezed to say yes he wood cum und oll the uthur turckys as well.

Mayday is today so lotz of turckys martchd off in the morning to Missis Mkween's farm to sellybrate the revolyushun. Goosy Loosy meetz us at the gait und showz us to the pond wher the goosez swimm. Ther woz hekling olreddy. Hekling is when uthur burds dont wont to heer wot yoo hav to say und showt thingz bak at yoo. Sumtimes ther is hekling at owr genral turkey assembliz, but Bruthur Bobblur duznt lyk it. Goosez seem to hekil oll the tim. So wen the goosez startz hekling olreddy Bruthur Bobblur sez to Goozy Loosy that he shood mayby go owt on the pond to tok to them.

Goozy Loosy lookz dowbtfool. "But turckys cant swimm," she sez. Well that iz rite, of corse, but we ar lerning. The Kayti gurl teechez us a lot of thingz und wun summur she will teech us to swimm like she can. When we hav lernd swimming then ther will be nuthing to stop us. We can fly, we can wok, we can dryv carz, und we wil swimm.

But Bruthur Mobbly sez he can fix it. He bilds a raft with an old box on the grownd. Bruthur Mobbly is verry inventiv. Wuns he bilded a windmill und it woz

verry good until the sailz fell off und smacked too Sisturs on the hed. Owch.

Wen the raft woz bilded, Bruthur Bobblur invyts sum turckys with him. Ther woz me, Sistor Mibbly, Bruthur Mobbly und Bruthur Throbbly. Goosy Loosy tooked the string on the box und toed us owt into the middil of the pond. It woz verry skarry. The raft shooked from syd to syd und muddy wotter cam over the edgiz. Bruthur Bobblur turnd wyte. Us turckys felt sik und green. But at last we woz in the middil of the dukpond, goosez oll arownd.

It must be sed, deer frendz of turckys, that Bruthur Bobblur did not giv a verry good speetch. "Bruthurs und sisturs!", he gobbild, "Wee ar gathurd heer to sellybrat the grate Mayday! This iz a day wen opressed burdz..." und oll the rest of it. Us turckys had herd it oll befor so I wont boar yoo with it just now. But then the heklurz got startid agen und Bruthur Bobblur got anoyd. Oll rite, yoo think, he woz not feeling grate. But lissen to wot he sed next. "Lissen, bruthurs, ther ar trayterz amungst yoo! Burdz as wil not let the revoluyshun kum! Goosez as will let the despot Mkween cum down with a chopper und cut yoo oll up for Krismis dinnr! Wood yoo poot yoor trust in thos burdz wot wil betray yoo? Or wil yoo trust us turckys as wot hav yoor foochur in owr clawz?"

Well of corse ther woz a lot of showting at this und the goosez startid splashing us und rokking the raft abowt. Bruthur Bobblur then lost his hed compleetly. "Yoo miszribil burdz," he showts at them oll, "Yoo ar just stoopid! Yoo letz yoorselfs be choppt up by Missis Mkween und itz oll yoo dezerv! Wen the revolvyushun cums to the pond, yoo will be the furst up agenst the barn woll!" Und mor of the same. Me und Sistr Mibbly we tryd to calm him down but he did not lissen. Bruthur Throbby startz paniking und jumps off the raft so we had to pool him bak in und we oll got sokked. We lookd arownd. The goosez woz oll splashing us und Goosy Loosy woz nower to be seen. She must hav been hidding.

Sistr Mibbly is a clevr burd. I sed that ollreddy. She reeds bookz in Mistr Jonstons hows wen the rest of uss is owt playng footbol. She sez to me that we must get reskyood und we shoold send a Mayday signil. Now yoo probbly dont no this becos I didunt: a Mayday signil has nuthing to do with Mayday but is a messij sent owt by saylirs wen thay wont to be reskyood. So oll us turkys startid showting Help und Mayday und Essowess und uthur sutch wurdz. Owr comrads on the edj of the pond coodnt do ennything but thay herd owr showts und went for help.

But then it got verry danjrus becos Missis Mkween herd us too und she cam owt into the yard with a big gun in hur handz. “Yoo horrble creechurs!” she showted, und even wurs wurdz than that. “Yoo turckys ar only good for Krismis dinners!” she snarld und startid banging at us with hur gun. She is a reel fashistry akshunary is Missis Mkween und we will get rid of hur in the end, yoo mark my wurdz on this, deer reedurs. Luckily the goosez wer in the way und splashing abowt und the raft woz going up und down und we wer oll being flinged arownd so nun of hur bullitz ever cam enywhere neer us. But it woz verr fritning. Bruthur Mobbly woz the most fritind of oll. Bruthur Bobblur just kept dansing arownd showing insults at the goosez.

Missis Mkween went back into hur hows for wellybootz which is wot yoomans wayr for splashing in pondz. She woz going to cum owt into the wotter und shoot us at clos kworters. But wen the goosez seed this thay did sumthing verry nobil. Thay took the string for the raft und toed uss bak to the edgj of the pond und told uss to run verry fast. Becos Bruthur Bobblur was stil argyooing with them we had to poosh him in frunt of us und only manijd to get owt of the farm in tym. Missis Mkween cam owt of hur hows und bangd hur gun but we wos too far away und so we eskaypt bak to

Mistr Jonstons farm as fast as ovr feet cood carry us oll.
We woz saved from a martirz deth.

We woz verr wet und did not think mutch of Mayday
sellybrashuns. We thot even less of Bruthur Bobblur
whoo hardly got wet at oll und whoo got us oll into
trubbil. Mayby we wont do Mayday next year.

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